

EDWIN H. CHAPIN'S SERMONS.
One of the Sabbath Discourses of
E. H. Chapin, will be published in
this paper each week.

ARCANA OF NATURE,
BY
HUDSON TUTTLE.
Price \$1.00.
BERRY, COLBY & CO.,
Publishers.

TWENTY DISCOURSES
BY
JOSE L. V. HAYES.
Price \$1.00.
BERRY, COLBY & CO.,
Publishers.

THE GREAT DISCOURSE
OF
MODERN SPIRITUALISM
Between Prof. J. Stanley Grimes and
Lee Miller, Esq. Single copies 25 c.;
\$15 per hundred. Published by
BERRY, COLBY & CO.

BANNER OF LIGHT.



TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
Single copies, one year, \$1.00
Six months, .50
Three months, .25
Paid in Advance.
CLUB RATES.
Clubs of four or more persons will
be taken at the following rates: 25
50
75
1.00
All subscriptions discontinued at
the expiration of the time paid for.
Money sent at our risk, but
where drafts on New York can be
procured, we prefer to have them
sent, to avoid loss.
Subscribers wishing the direction
of their paper changed from one
town to another, must always state
the name of the town to which
it has been sent.
All business letters must be ad-
dressed, BANNER OF LIGHT,
Boston, Mass.

VOL. VII.

{BERRY, COLBY & COMPANY,
Publishers.

NEW YORK AND BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1860.

{TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR
Payable in Advance.

NO. 14.

[Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1859, by
BERRY, COLBY & CO., in the Clerk's office of the District
Court of the United States, for the District of Massachusetts.]

COSELLA WAYNE; OR, WILL AND DESTINY. BY CORA WILBURN.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"And you, white lightning in the glorious dower
Of knowledge, truth and genius, he stood before them
In his regal and yet human angelhood. Involuntarily
all hearts were charmed, and the admiring and
reverent gaze of the many was riveted upon the
serene beauty of his countenance, the noble bearing
of his princely form. The deep, full tones of his im-
mortal voice appealed to the human heart's purest and
holiest affections, to the soul's inmost thought, the
mind's loftiest aspiration. The manifold fibres of
the strange inner life, thrilled and questioned by
that master spirit, responded in diverse language.
Summoned from oblivion, worldliness and apathy,
all the fine emotions and the sacred loves replied, as
if unto the recording angel of that hour. 'Here am
I, Lord.'"

The spacious hall was crowded, and expectant
silence reigned in that varied multitude. In the front
ranks sat the professed believers, the conspicuous
members of the new faith, those whose wealth and
social standing insured for them the respect of the
community they dwelt in. The smiling daughters
of fashion displayed their fresh and rich attire; old
men and blooming maidens, staid Quaker matrons,
and country damsels, investigators, scoffers, Jews
and Christians, all assembled to hear for themselves
of this much-talked-of Spiritualism; to judge for
themselves of the merits of its doctrines. The
learned of all professions there met and exchanged
ideas; the stern materialist and the soaring tran-
scendentalist there compared their views; the bigot
and the infidel confronted each other; and the sea of
agitation there invoked, waited many a battling,
storm-tossed soul to the safe haven of reconciliation,
to the angel-guarded shores of immortal certainty.
From that place of true worship, souls have gone
forth converted to the belief of a God, that heretofore
had stumbled in the myth land of priestly teachings,
or groped in the outer blindness of materialism.
Mothers have gone home with a new-born joy in
their bosom, feeling that their children, transplanted
to the spirit-lands, yet lived. Old men have bowed
their heavy heads in reverence before the inspired
expounders of the truths of eternal life; and the
widowed and bereaved have blest them, and the
stricken heart has murmured, "I know my God!"
The lessons of purity, truth and wisdom given from
that rostrum, have spread a benign influence far and
wide; darkened households and drooping hearts have
been cheered by them; death and bereavement have
lost their sting; and life, by those lessons, has been
beautified and elevated into sanctified and prayerful
uses.

When Cosella entered, the spacious hall was al-
most filled. The brilliant chandeliers over the rostrum
displayed its brightest light, and the numerous
gas-jets around illumined that pleasant meeting
place. On the desk was placed a bouquet of choicest
flowers; and the floral offerings held in fair hands
that night, exhaled, their rare and rich perfume.
Cosella breathed delightedly in that fragrant atmosphere,
and leisurely surveyed the intelligent heads
and smiling faces of the audience.

"Here, as elsewhere, I am alone and unheeded,"
she sighed. "But I can come here, and drink in
draughts of poetry and eloquence, that beautify my
life, strengthen my soul, that touch me love and for-
bearance. I, too, can appreciate intellect and good-
ness."

The hymn was sung. The speaker arose, and
anxious expectation sat enthroned on every counte-
nance. Cosella started when the first clear musical
tones of the gifted orator fell upon her ear. She
started as if a voice dear and familiar from child-
hood had called to her. She half rose in her seat,
bent eagerly forward, and as she beheld his noble
face, and tall, commanding figure—as she caught
the gleam of his eye, the radiant smile upon his lips,
an involuntary exclamation escaped her. A con-
fused whirl of thought swept over her brain, a flash
of consciousness that thrilled to her very heart-
beats, seemed to illumine the inner sense; and joy
unpeakable, rapture untranslatable, a bliss and
mingled pain too deep for revelation, alternated in
her being. To rush toward him, to fall in adoring
worship at his feet, to pray to him with extended
arms and uplifted soul, for one token of recognition,
was the overwhelming impulse of the moment. To
cling to him for safety and protection, to follow him
through life, seemed, in that hour, all that life had
of blessedness in store. With a magnetic attraction,
that was as irresistible as it was holy, a yearning of
love, as deep and high as it was passionless and
pure, she longed for him!

All that the heart of woman holds within its angel-
sounded depths of devotion and self-sacrifice; all that
the soul contains of saintly adoration, and the mind
of intellectual offering, she cast at his feet that hour!
She longed with tears to tell him that no matter
where she stood in life to him, he was all of life to
her. It was not love, nor was it mind-bondage only;
it was not fraternal affection, nor was it the spiritual
recognition of a kindred soul, that thus strangely
and deeply moved her. It was something mightier,
holier still, for which earth could give no name.
And thus entranced and worshipful she sat, shed-
ding blissful tears, and smiling radiantly, as if the
heaven of her imaginings was then unfolded to her gaze.

His soaring eloquence and unsurpassed powers of
oratory delighted the charmed and silent multitude.
Over that sea of upturned faces the softening influ-
ence of the better life seemed shed. They glowed
as if transfigured by the innate might of soul. The
sordid and the worldly forgot their plans and
schemes, and dreamed awhile of heaven; the hard-
ened and the irreligious listened with a throbbing
pulse, a moistened eye; the coldly intellectual felt
the heart's glow of affection; the doubting believed
in God; the conscience-stricken wrong-doer veiled his
eyes, and communed with his own guilty soul.

Inspired and beautiful with the keeping of the
wisdom-lore of the celestial lands, offering to the
hungry children of a soul-starved world the gifts
of knowledge, truth and genius, he stood before them
in his regal and yet human angelhood. Involuntarily
all hearts were charmed, and the admiring and
reverent gaze of the many was riveted upon the
serene beauty of his countenance, the noble bearing
of his princely form. The deep, full tones of his im-
mortal voice appealed to the human heart's purest and
holiest affections, to the soul's inmost thought, the
mind's loftiest aspiration. The manifold fibres of
the strange inner life, thrilled and questioned by
that master spirit, responded in diverse language.
Summoned from oblivion, worldliness and apathy,
all the fine emotions and the sacred loves replied, as
if unto the recording angel of that hour. 'Here am
I, Lord.'"

All noted the illumined face, the eye, enkindled by
a fervid and divine enthusiasm. Those who sat
near the speaker said that a low, musical murmur,
as of spirit voices, seemed to float on the air around
him, as if in accompaniment to the poetry of his
thought, and the fervent beauty of his speech.

He spoke of the compensations of immortality; of
the holy uses of adversity, the purifying influence
of sorrow. He alluded to the past terrible bereave-
ments of his youth, to the struggles of his manhood,
whereby his soul had attained the heavenly knowl-
edge, that now blessed him. He stretched forth his
arms in invocation to the beloved and living, from
whom the barriers of sense alone did separate the
soul. He blessed the All-wise Father for the darkness
as for the light. He called the sorrow, angel, as well as
the enraptured joy. He forgave his foes in love, and
to the keeping of the pure, wise spirits, consigned
the lowest and the vilest of God's children. He told
of divine affections, crowned by the hand of Deity,
eternally beautiful as the source from whence they
sprang. And then he spoke of the meeting of long
severed hearts; of the welcome home of the waiting
mother and the parted child; of the recognition of
kindred souls; of the life warm clasp of the be-
liefed; and a solemn sense of realization swayed that
vast and differing assemblage. Men wiped their
brimming eyes, and women sobbed aloud.

As if an angel, commissioned of the pitying God,
had spoken, the thrilling promise sank into their
hearts. "Ye shall meet, and love, and live forever,
with the immutable, just and loving Father. And
even now, though your eyes behold them not, the
loved ones, drawn to you by the divine chords
of sympathy, are nigh. Though you hear them not,
the melodies of heaven sweep over the life strings
of your spirit, and the prayer of your hearts is record-
ed on high."

When he ceased the silence was unbroken, save
here and there, by the uncontrollable bursts of emo-
tion that broke out so unconsciously; but no one
moved or attempted to depart. Spell-bound, they
gazed upon the speaker's face, as with uplifted eyes
and hushed lips he stood upon the platform, transport
in prayer or in thought.

"Good night, my friends!" spoke sweet and
plaintively that voice of more than magical power.
"I thank the Source of all Goodness for the great
revelation this night bestows upon me. In your tearful
eyes I read the sorrow and the rapture of your
souls, that by my words have been awakened. From
the apathy of the life of worldliness you have arisen;
henceforth ye are toilers on the spiral pathways of
eternal progress! We shall meet again—on earth
or in the spirit-spheres. Good night; God bless
you, one and all!"

A deep sigh burst from the strangely burdened
heart of Cosella.
"He has blest me, too!" she murmured; and she
sat still in the same position, her hands tightly
locked, her eyes riveted upon him, her heart beat-
ing wildly with its mingled sensations of blessed-
ness and pain. Slowly the vast crowd departed;
she saw the orator come forward, and speak with
him; she saw him give the cordial hand clasp to
the richly clad and to the poor alike. She could not
muster courage to address him; she dared not ap-
proach him; but she lingered there until his tall
figure disappeared from view; then outside the door
she lingered still, until the carriage that contained
him pulled away. She passed her hand over her
brow, as if to collect her thoughts; a bitter pain
gnawed at her heart.
"He is gone, and I may never more behold him!"
she exclaimed; and then with dread, and wonder-
ment, she vainly strove to analyze her own strangely
mingling emotions, the sudden and irresistible at-
traction that drew her to that stranger's soul.
"You were mightily taken with the new speaker,
Miss Phillips," said an elderly woman, whose ac-
quaintance Cosella had formed in the hall. Well,
it is no wonder, he is beautiful so eloquent, so
poetical. There wasn't a soul there that didn't
cry to-night; there, Miss Phillips, there's a white
rose he held in his hand, and it dropped on the
floor, and the janitor gave it to me; and seeing how
mightily you are taken with the discourse, I thought
I would give it to you."
"Thank you, thank you!" cried Cosella, eagerly,
and she pressed the flower to her lips. "Tell me,"
she said, hesitating she knew not why, "what is the
lecturer's name?"
"Is it possible you have been listening to him the
whole evening without knowing his name?"
"Only heard by chance of the coming of an
English speaker; I have not taken time to read the
notices in the papers."
"Why, my dear, he is famed all over the land!
He is one of the most talented, and was one of the
first developed mediums; his name is Percival
Wayne."

She sat for several hours, with Topsy in her arms,
that night, dreaming vaguely, wondering, and ques-
tioning her own soul. Then when she slept her
dreams were broken and confused, and she awoke
to the daily toil with a start and an exclamation
of weariness. Hope, fear, doubt and unrest, alternated
in her soul. Dreamy and abstracted, the compul-
sory toil she submitted to grew more and more dis-
tasteful; she did not find work for many days, and
again she pined for food, and her little companion
grew lean and silent. Despair came nigh to the
bravely battling heart; the summer was waning fast;
soon the autumn winds would chill her unprotected
form, the snow storm wrap her in its cold embrace.
"I cannot live through another winter," she said.
"If God does not send me relief, we must lie down
and die, my Topsy, for I cannot earn wherewith to
feed and warm us. My poor dog! I grieve for your
fate, but I know of no one to whom I could leave
you. We will die together, Topsy; and then I shall
be with my mother, and perhaps the loving God will
reward your fidelity with the compensations of im-
mortality, for on earth there is no joy for us."

So the days sped on; and urged by the sharp
pangs of hunger, thoughts wild and sinful crossed
the bewildered brain of the long-suffering girl, and
she meditated a calm descent into the smoothly in-
volving river, there to end her earth life and its ills
besides. Then chasing hurriedly the fearful thought,
she would cry aloud—
"No, no! I will not break thy laws, my Maker!
I will die, unstained by the crime of suicide; I will
submit my fate, and fulfill thy will, for well I know
this fleeting earth life is not all."
Not a morsel of bread to be obtained; not a hand
upraised to aid in this her hour of sore need. Her
strength gave way, hope followed, and the expecta-
tion of death chased every other thought. She lay
upon her rude couch, the hectic glow of fever on her
cheek, the sharp pangs of hunger giving way to a
dreadful numbness and a burning thirst.

"Thanks for the last of thy good gifts, my
Heavenly Father!" she murmured, as she drank of
the pure water by her side. The humane landlady
knew not how utterly destitute was her unfortunate
tenant; but Cosella knew that she, too, ate her
scanty bread with tears, and she would not rob her
children of their rightful share. Therefore, she
plended only for a pitcher with water, and refused
the kindly offered supper. Curled up at her feet lay
poor Topsy, almost as faint and languid as his
mistress.

"I know there is a God, a spirit-world! There I,
too, shall know happiness!" dreamed said Cosella,
and she slept awhile, and dreamed that happiness
had been awarded to her on earth; then a waking
faint and weary, she stretched forth her hands im-
plorely, and called on God to take her home.
That morning, led by her spirit guides, Solita
Mendez for the first time visited the far-famed City
of Brotherly Love. In the northern section of the
city she engaged rooms, and proposed to give exami-
nations to the sick and ailing as was her wont.
She had not long rested from the fatigue of her
journey, ere a gentleman was announced; and desir-
ing him to be admitted, her sweet face glowed with
pleasure on beholding Almon Fairlie, the efficient
co-laborer of her brother Percival, the friend long
known and prized.

"Happy to meet you again, dear friend and noble
worker!" she said, extending her hand. "I had not
hoped to meet with you so soon again."
"For should I have come here, but for a persistent
impression, bidding me come to this city, I know
not wherefore."
"For months a voice has called me—a warning,
impelling voice. My spirit guides, who never have
misled me, will now surely unravel the mystery,"
said Solita.
"We are here for some purpose," said Almon
Fairlie; "there is a work of mercy to perform;
you are to be the guide, the leader, and I your hum-
ble co-worker. That is my impression; have you
aught more definite, Solita?"
"I have not," she replied; "but I have a definite
and clear impression as regards myself. I have but
few months or weeks of earth life left to me; soon I
shall reach the spirit heights, and rest in the blessed
vale; soon I shall dwell with my kindred in the
faded realm; soon I shall be blessed of the clogs
of earthly sense, and float, heart and soul free, in
the atmosphere of immortality! Oh, brother Fairlie,
what joy and what rapture is in the thought! Eman-
cipation from all cluttings of earthliness, mine the
gained divinity of soulaction; mine the sacred
guardianship of souls!"
"Angel and prophetess!" he murmured, gazing
reverentially upon her.

"I, with Len, will be his guardian angel still," she
continued. "Since my spirit has outgrown the
earthly love that years ago bound me to his spirit—
since I have exchanged the earthly hopes and fears
for the fraternal, holy union, I behold the soul of
Percival in all its beauty; and I hold that place
within it, that none other of earth or heaven can
maintain. I have learned to know myself, and I
yield the place once coveted, to her to whom it belongs
by sacred and immutable law. Through the eternal
ages, soul wed and heart blended, the spirits of Per-
cival and Len shall ascend; and I, and one other,
shall progress with them; for she is now my spirit-
sister, and he has been a savior and a guide to me.
And angels have told me that the crowning joy
of his life shall be given through my ministering hand.
And I know that his counterpart in spirit and in
soul awaits me in the spirit-spheres; that a radiant
starlike is his home; that I wear the betrothal
token; and in the countless ages of the hereafter, I
shall be his blest and love-crowned bride. Oh,
brother Almon, how much of light and truth has
dawned upon my heart and once desponding soul!"
"Thus art indeed thrice blessed!" he replied;
and of such indeed is the kingdom of our God.
But, Solita, dearest sister, what can it be that has
brought us hither thus suddenly?"
"We will be silent awhile; perhaps the wise and
unseen ones will impress us," she replied.

They sat in silence, with joined hands; Solita
seemed to listen intently, and Almon, too, inclined
his head as if in attentive attitude.

"Do you hear? do you understand, my brother?"
she whispered.

"I hear a voice—the same that startled me months
ago! It is a human cry for help—it is a woman's
voice!"

"It is the voice that answers at my heart inces-
santly! It is one dear and near to us both, but as
yet unrecognized and unknown. Almon, we must
arise and seek that sufferer. Oh, wisdom guide!
oh, loving angels! whither shall we bend our
steps?"

"Some one we love is dying of necessity! No
time is to be lost! Solita, tell me where to go. I
hasten!"

"The impression comes to me. In the southern
portion of the city, in a wide street—I cannot get
the name—the railroad traverses it—a wide street,
planted on each side with trees; in a small, dark-
looking house, in the second story, in a back room—
divoid of food and fuel, exhausted, helpless, almost
dying, we shall find her who calls upon us. I know
not who she is; but some great revelation awaits us
both. Go, Almon; go and bring her here imme-
diately! I would go with you, but some sufferer
awaits my ministry; they have come from a dis-
tance, knowing I would be here this day. Listen,
Almon! there is a park near the corner of the
street; I cannot see the number. Do you think you
can find the house?"

"God and the angels will direct me," he replied.
"I know by your description that the street is in
the district of Southwark; I have been there many
times. Fear not but I shall find the way. I go at
once, Solita; there is no time to be lost."

And he hastily left the room, walked rapidly the
length of several streets, then halted on an omnibus,
and perched his way down town. He stepped at
the indicated street, and found the park; he sur-
veyed the houses, and found the small, dark-looking
one.

"This is the place," the impression whispered, and
with his hand upon the door-bell he paused.

What should he say—who should he inquire for?
He tried the door; it yielded to his touch, and he
passed in; through the narrow and gloomy entry,
up the crooked stairs, and with a beating heart he
stood for a moment irresolute at the designated
door.

He knocked; there was no answer. Again he
knocked, and a low knock, or rather whine, respond-
ed. He opened the door and passed within the
bleak and sootily furnished room. In the furthest
corner, a woman's figure was discernible, kneeling
and praying, with uplifted hands. A feeble light
was on the table, beside it a pitcher of water and a
glass. Though the autumn day was chilly, there
was not the least vestige of a fire.

The dog whined feebly at the intruder; the girl
upon her knees seemed not to heed aught that was
passing. She prayed aloud, and her words were
interrupted by sobs, and the deep and uncontrollable
emotion that weakness alone prevented from gaining
the violence that would have broken forth in cries
and groans.

"Take me hence, oh God! for I am weary of this
struggle; I can no longer resist. Let me die this
night, or in thy mercy, God of Love, send me help-
ah, send me bread!"

"Father of the Universe! that voice—that peti-
tion—oh, it cannot, cannot be!—God has heard your
prayers, lady; arise and greet a friend. I come to
help you."

She arose from her supplicating posture with a
wild cry and a bound.

"Who are you?" she cried, confronting him.

"A friend, a brother, sent by the loving hosts of
heaven to relieve you!" he replied, and the tear-mist
clouded his eyes.

"Relief—bread—hope!" she murmured. "Oh, God
is good, and I shall not die the death of famine!
Oh, angel, helper, friend, who—where are you?"

She had thrown back the veiling tresses that con-
cealed her eyes and face; the sharpened outline, the
careworn features were revealed.

"Father—God—oh, angels! It is—it is herself!"
cried Almon, and he extended his arms and sobbed
aloud.

"My brother, Almon Fairlie!"
With a loud shriek that startled the inmates of
that retreat of poverty, she rushed toward him, fell
on the broad breast so nobly offered as her resting-
place, and her senses closed to the outer world.
Pale, still and lifeless, she lay upon his bosom, and
the hand that smoothed back her tangled hair and
magnified her into sweet and healthful sleep, was
wet with the heart-wrung tears of truest manhood.
"To find her thus!—yet God be praised!" he
cried.

CHAPTER XXVII.

REALIZATION.

"Over thine orphan head
The south breeze swept as o'er a willow's bough
Come to thy father! He is faithful now!
Thy tears have all been shed."

Cosella returned to consciousness as one awak-
ing from a deep and dreamless sleep; and as she
looked around the spacious and lofty apartment, she
smiled and murmured faintly:
"I am surely dreaming now."

Then she lay still awhile with closed eyes, and
murmured faintly, large tears dropping stealthily
from her eyelids, broken words escaping from her
lips. Over the couch bent Solita Mendez, and from
her cheek, too, the life lights had departed; expecta-
tion, anxiety, hope, a wild, vague feeling of joy had
whitened her lovely countenance until the marble
semblance that it wore. On his knees, with that
tender compassion depicted on his face, which the
guardian angels of the race must feel, was Almon
Fairlie; he had whispered a few hurried words to
Solita, which had filled her breast with a tumultuous
joy! As she watched the rescued girl, a recollection,
distant, haunting and suggestive, came vividly be-
fore her. She placed her hand upon Cosella's brow,
and the wild and inquiring eyes flew open. They
met the angel face as lovingly bent above her; as if
spell-bound by the tender glory of those eyes, the
winning beauty of the pensive smile, the poor girl
gazed upon the vision, as she deemed it, and sobbed
for fear that it would vanish from her sight.
"You are safe—safe with friends who will care
for you. I will be thy sister!" said Solita, faintly
smoothing the upturned brow.
She gazed around her in bewilderment; the ruddy
fire-glow fell upon the kneeling figure of a man, the
shaded gas-light revealed the sylph-like figure of the
lady; that golden hair, those lustrous eyes, Ma-
donna-like in holiness, Oriental in their flashing
light—where had she met with that wondrous em-
bodiment of grace and thought?
The adornments of the room, betokened ease and
almost luxury; the downy carpet, the marble chim-
ney piece, the mirror and the pictures on the wall,
the velvet lounge on which her own poorly-clad form
reclined—where was she? Was it all a dream, or a
mocking obit of the fever-stricken senses? Who
was that man, through whose closed fingers the
tear-drops streamed?
"It is Almon Fairlie!" she almost screamed, and
the memory of the past hours returned.
"I am here—I am with you! You are safe and
sheltered!" he paused, and knew not by what name
to call her.
"I remember!" and she raised herself and swept
the tangled curls from off her brow; "you have saved
me from the death of famine! Oh, bless—but who
is this? I know not—yet I remember—"
"We have met before, but we will not speak of
that now. You need rest and nourishment; take
this, my sister!" and Solita held a silver cup to her
lips.
She drank of the sustaining beverage; she rose
from the couch and threw aside the costly shawl
which Solita had thrown around her. She tottered
to the place where Almon Fairlie knelt, and with
her thin hand resting on his bowed head, she
spoke:
"You have been my saviour in my needful hour!
Tell me why you weep thus, and what it is that
troubles you? I cannot rest, nor eat or drink, until I
know!"
Almon rose from his knees, and led her gently to
a seat. Kneeling before her there, he said in a
voice that thrilled her soul:
"Life's compensations are being meted unto you;
the goal is reached—the trial is withdrawn—a great
joy is in store for you!"
"Her name, her name!" murmured Solita, clasping
both hands to her wildly-beating heart. "It may
be that we are mistaken."
"My name is Cosella," she had heard the low
spoken words.
"Father to Heaven, it is—and yet—" pale and
trembling Solita sank upon the lounge, and almost
wept again.
"My name is Cosella," she continued with rapid
utterance, and her glances flew from one to the
other, and her manner gathered uncontrolled energy,
her eyes now fire, her cheek the flushed glow of
inspiration, or of strange resolve. "I know not my
other name; for I have wandered over the world, in
storm and sunshine for these many years, and
names have been given to me to which I have no right.
I never knew my parents; but I know my mother
is an angel in the courts of heaven; of my father—
I know not if he lives on earth, but he is noble, true
and just! I was stolen from his arms and heart,
cast into the power of his most relentless foe; by
fortune thrown upon the world's cold mercy; by
adversity brought nigh unto the door of death. The
only being who gave to me a mother's love and
counsel—she sleeps beneath the willow shade in the
far-off tropical clime. He, who stole me from my
father's arms, the cruel and revengeful Man-
anah—"
She was interrupted—caught in uncontrollable
emotion to the bosom of Solita, clasped again to
the warm heart of Almon Fairlie! While tears and
benedictions mingled with the sacred kisses showered
on her brow. Not a word was uttered; but the at-
tendant angels of that hour bore to spirit land the
record framed of the soul's divinest thankfulness,
whose joy could not be given to this world!
"It is, it is his child!" softly spoke Solita. "Oh,
dearest, do you not remember by the Virgin's shrine
we met one morning? away in the sunbeamed clime
that gave me birth?"
"I know—I recollect—I never forgot you. And
your name is—"
"Solita Mendez; and the angels have named me
'Guiding Star.'"
"You are he, then, are of the Spiritual faith?"
"We are the humble expounders of its now-
brought light; and thou, Cosella? how sweet the
name!"
"I believe in life eternal and progressive; in
communion with the limitless worlds of soul; I
trust in a God all love, and see no evil that is not of
man's formation; no wrong that is not caused by
human perversion of the holy and immutable laws
of Him who is all love and purity!"
She said this with upraised eyes, and hands close
folded in the attitude of prayer. Solita murmured
gratefully:
"I thank thee, Father!"
"I pray you," continued Cosella, and she knelt
before the beautiful Solita, and gazed imploringly
into her rapt, illumined face, "tell me what it is
you know of me or mine? You know of the mystery
that enshrouds my life! My name, my confessions
have startled you. In your eyes and on your brow,
I read the hallowed sign of knowledge—of medium-
ship. I have been led to you by the blessed angels!
Tell me, in the name of God and Truth! where is my
father?"
And, as a weary and beseeching child, she laid her
head upon the lady's lap and wept.
Struggling with the joy that deprived her for the
time of speech, Solita bowed her golden head, and
mingled the sister's with the daughter's tears!

Hailing his hand on high, the brave and noble
Almon summoned from their love-lit homes the sym-
pathizing spirits that yet loved the earth, their
birthplace; and he called them thither to consort
and bless the human hearts awaiting them.

"One glance of my father's face, one blessing from
his lips, and I will go hence with joy to live the fate
allotted me. Others may invoke of heaven the gifts
of wealth and fame—I scorn them all! Of all that
earth or vast eternity can give, I ask of God my
father's smile! All love ephemeral and vain of life,
all worldly honor, fleeting fame, and all of power
and joy, I would renounce for that divinest, holiest
love my father's heart could give to me!"

"Cosella, weep no more! thy prayer is heard, thy
filial love accepted, and the realization of thy hopes
is nigh," spoke Almon Fairlie.

"Bless thee, thou friend and comforter; but tell
me where, where dwells my father? Is he in poverty
—is he a toiler, too?"

"He is a toiler in the ranks that wage eternal
warfare against wrong. Crowned, regally, by spiri-
tual hands, he walks among the titled and the lowly of
the earth, a teacher and a friend to all. The hand
of care and want has never reached him, as it has
thine, his beloved, his idolized child."

"You know him?" With clasped hands and kin-
dled eyes she stood before him.

"He has called me brother, often; together we
have toiled and striven, suffered and endured, for
the harmonization of man—for the world's adoption
of a purer religion, a more Godlike standard of mor-
ality."

"And you—do you, too, know my father?" she
questioned of Solita.

"A rosy flush, luminous as the auroral glow of
morning, overspread the perfect face. 'He has
called me sister, and by the very name you bear,'
she said.

Cosella, stooping, kissed her hands. "His name—
tell me his name," she prayed.

"He is called Percival Wayne, my child."

A loud cry of joy, so loud and thrilling that it
startled the listeners, burst from her lips. "I have
seen him! I felt my heart go forth toward him, my
life-threads entwined with his, my soul leap in devo-
tion, my spirit thrill with love for him!—he, the
great, noble, soul-crowned, lofty being; he, who
always like a God the multitude; he, the commis-
sioned teacher of eternal truths; he, my father!"
and, in sweet and grateful humility, she bowed her
head and thanked the loving God.

She told her friends how she had sat entranced
and worshipful, listening to the inspired utterances
that fell from his lips—of the strange and irresisti-
ble attraction that, magnet-like, drew her and heart
to his. "And I knew him not," she cried, "and I
dared not approach him, and he felt not I was so
near!"

Long after midnight they sat together, mingling
their blissful tears; and Solita told her of the long,
and years of pilgrimage endured for her sake; and
she brought her father's miniature, and the daugh-
ter's holy tears and kisses rained upon the smiling,
pictured face. And Almon told her of her mother—
of the glorious spiritual gifts the noble Percival had
obtained by childlike obedience to the Creator's laws.
Cosella wept and smiled by turns, and with a rever-
ential gratitude she kissed the beneficent hand of
Almon Fairlie, and the ever placid brow of her
father's—Guiding Star."

Long after midnight Solita led the weary wander-
er to her chamber, arranged her disordered curls
and put fresh, snowy night robes around her, filled a
goblet with a strengthening draught, and with a
fervent benediction and a good night kiss, she left
her to repose. The next day a letter, freighted
with the welcome tidings that his long sought for
child was found, was sent to Percival Wayne; and
thenceforth all three counted the days that would
elapse ere the father would come to claim his
child.

The sudden transition from despair to happiness,
from abject wretchedness to joy and ease, had
restored Cosella to almost her former bloom and
strength. Once more attired in the becoming style
of youth, tenderly cared for, lovingly administered
unto, the traces of sickness and the impures of
sorrow departed. The soothing and magnetic touch
of Solita charmed away all pain and weariness from
her brain and heart, and the coming of the genial
Almon was greeted as that of a beneficent and valued
friend.

How swiftly, despite of their anxious expectations,
sped away those autumn days! Slowly the fading
leaves fell to the ground, and the busy mantle that
betokened the benign and radiant presence of the
Indian Summer, cast its dream-fold over the busy
city. But a summer

awaited the coming of Percival, and Solita depended upon the return and nearly of the spiritual gifts of healing, the loving counsel and the sage rebuke.

One calm twilight eve, Cosella sat by the window in Solita's chamber, dreaming sweetly of the future, and so absorbed in thought she did not feel the opening door. The new friend and happy Topsy, who with her mischievous had been rescued from the life of want, gave warning of the approach of an intruder, as he ignorantly deemed all who entered the room or house.

His sharp, quick bark aroused Cosella from her visions of the cottage home by the sea-side, that favorite and long cherished hope of her life.

It was Solita, clad in white robes, who entered softly. "Come, my Cosella, come," she said, in the soft Spanish tongue wherewith she often addressed her; there was a tender tremulousness in her voice, and as she bent to kiss the upturned brow of the maiden, she left a falling tear-drop there.

A sympathetic tremor shook Cosella's frame—a sudden and delicious joy, followed by a vague apprehension, succeeded the first start of surprise. Her loudly throbbing heart, Solita's manner, the throbbing intuitions whispering confusedly—revealed to her that the long prayed for hour had come, that was to lead her to her father's love.

She gazed into Solita's face as they passed through the lighted entry. It was illuminated by a joy divine; a strange and solemn earnestness sat on her brow; the smile that wreathed her lips was one of mystic heavenly significance; the soul light in her eyes was that of victory, saintly and achieved! The loosened golden showers of her hair fell in long ringlets over cheek and bosom; and amid them she had twined a fresh and fragrant chaplet of white lilies, and at her girdle she wore the emblematic flowers she loved so well. Thus arrayed, in apostolic white, thus radiantly beautiful and gloriously crowned, she appeared to Cosella's tear-filled eyes and adoring heart, like some rare impersonation of a vestal queen, or bridal fair of heaven!

She knew not wherefore, but a vague, and feeling, stole timorously to her soul; she glanced at her own attire, arranged by Solita's graceful hand; her own white robes of a warmer texture were faced and embroidered with a rich roseate tinge, and the fresh blush roses of the guarded conservatory were twined amid her dark brown curls. Hand in hand, they descended the stairs, and entered the sitting room. They were met at the door by Almon Fairlie, who greeted them silently.

Led on by Solita, the trembling girl advanced, never daring to lift her eyes to where he stood, the noble and long suffering man, the father of her thoughts and love!

"The Heavenly Father has supremely blessed me, and the prophecy of years is now fulfilled!" spoke clear and thrilling the music voice of the "Guiding Star." "My life is crowned and blest! I bring to thee thy daughter, Percival!"

As in a dream, she felt his gaze upon her face, and her soul uprose in filial reverence and in holiest joy! One look into that pale and beautiful countenance, and with a cry of recognition, such as bursts from the lips of the blest and reunited in the spirit-realm, she sprang into his outstretched arms!

"My wandering dove! my Len's child!" he murmured; and the holy baptism of a father's love bedewed with sacred tears her upturned brow; his kisses, like the smiles of the All Beneficent, showered sweetest warmth upon the orphaned and long-tortured heart.

Not with the calm of the ordinary filial relation, ship did Cosella return his love and tears. It was worship, adoration, the hoarded tenderness of life and soul, that she with prayers and almost frantic joy gave to this long lost father of her dreams!

She kissed his hands, his hair, his very garments; she fell at his feet and kissed them, and in that worshipful attitude remained, gazing worshipfully into his face, until with gentle entreaty he called her from that lowly posture to his sheltering arms.

"My lamb! long storm-tossed! sorely disciplined! My pure, brave child! Rest safely on thy father's breast! There, nevertheless the cruel world shall reach to harm thee; and hand in hand, linked with the inspiring angels, we two will work out the Father's will, and return the love of God for human hatred."

"With you, my father—with you I will dare and brave all of life and sorrow; but I could no more alone! My blessed father! Oh tell me that you love me, once again; me, the untutored girl—how can I stand by thee, the gifted and the mighty of intellect, heart and soul, nor feel my utter nothingness?"

"Hush, hush, my daughter! my beloved, long-sought for child! Do you know how I have mourned for you, till my couch was wet with tears; and the night wind burdened with thy father's sighs? Have I not wandered far and wide to seek thee? And am I not grateful to find thee thus true to thy soul's intuitions, to thy God, and to my fervent hopes?"

"Say that you love me; tell me so again, my father!" she pleaded, dwelling prayerfully on the hallowed words.

"I love thee, child of my life's hope! Dearest than my own soul art thou to me. Of all the choicest gifts of God, thou art the most precious, my beloved child!"

"Oh forgive me!" she continued, with her tear-filled eyes fixed on his face. "I have been so long forsaken, so long alone, that I dare not trust my happiness. The holy name of affection is desecrated by the earth's abuse. I have lived, to doubt the expressions, and disbelieve in the existence of all love, save that indissoluble tie of nature and of God, that binds me to my father's soul! You, of all the earth's millions, are what my spirit craves and demands. With you I can pray and aspire, labor and achieve, trust and rest, now and in the hereafter!"

Again he pressed her to his heart, again he kissed her brow, and looked with paternal fondness in her radiant face.

A gentle sigh, mingled with the fragrant lily-breath, the soft night wind toward them.

"Come hither, brother," he said to Almon Fairlie; and that true friend approached with beaming eyes that smiled through tears.

"Aid will not my sister Solita, too, come near? She, who, with this other brother, has prepared this great joy for a father's heart? Will she not share the joy, as she has shared the sorrow?"

But Solita replied not. She sat in her accustomed place by the window, in the crimson velvet and antique chair that was her favorite seat. Her hands clasped on her bosom, her head thrown back, her golden ringlets floating over neck and cheek, she moved not at all.

With his daughter clinging to his arm, Percival approached her, and called her by her spirit name. There was no reply; and bending down, he laid his hand upon the pure white forehead—it was cold and still; the dark eyes, veiled by the soft golden lashes, would flash no more their love-beams on this world. In an attitude of rest repose, calm, happy, peaceful, she had heard the angels' call, and with a child's submission and a seraph's joy, had passed unforgettingly, the morning portals of another life!

"Thy will be done," said Percival, in the low and solemn tone of fervent acceptance. Weep not, my child, she is not dead! to our outer sense she is no

longer visible, yet will she be with us often, and be the "Guiding Star" unto a host of souls. Thy restoration to us, my dear, was the signal of her fulfilled earthly mission. Joy, joy, to thee Solita! thou favored and blest of God!

With her head upon her father's shoulder, Cosella wept for the beautiful one just departed; and Almon Fairlie, gazing through a mist of tears upon the serene and sleeping countenance, said in a low and trembling voice:

"Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven!"

Written for the Banner of Light.

DREAMS.

BY JOHN W. DAY.

Cold blew the midnight air—
Madly our vessel toward the mounting spray!
Rude o'er the bounding ocean, far away,
Rode Luna's red-hair'd king far away.

The tempest clouds went hurrying o'er the sea—
The land gleamed on the lee!

The evening watch was past,
And soon, below, in slumber's golden round,
Thought, like a land-bird, o'er the sea-wave bound.
That seeks the reeling mast.

Then wings her flight, above the billowy roar,
Spied onward to the shore.

They came to me in dreams—
The peerless misadvent of a halcyon sky—
The rainbow hues that through creation fly
When grief's wild torrent ceases!

Cherishing they came as lakes in desert bare:
The joys of other days!

The golden light that shone—
The hopes that sunk where plummet may not sound,
And Time's grey billows tread this endless round;
The love whose mystic tone
Bade Heaven's pure host their stainless wings expand
Along youth's fairy land.

Old faces met my view—
Old tones, that thrilled the faded long ago,
Came to the ear in music calm and slow.
As when, 'neath twilight dew,
I saw the far-off spires to crimson turn—
The flame-red windows burn!

The morning gomm'd the sea;
Slowly we faced again the watery toll.
Thus with our lives—amid the struggling broil
Good from the ill must flee!

For mortal joy and truth may only beam
From the tired spirit's dream!

Oh, frozen earth! how long
Will thou glare coldly in the light of God,
Bright streaming down the path Eternity trod
With his heart's true strong!

When wilt thou burst into a victor lay,
As Memnon bled the day?

Never! thy form is vile—
We may not wear the vestment of the sky—
We may not hear the low, sweet melody
That wakes the Eden maid.

Till from our hearts we tear thy grasping clay,
And king-like soar away!

We glean where angels reap!
We strive in the corner of thy field,
And vainly strive some passing good to yield
Ere shuts the closing shroud.

Rear in some heart a tombstone, and are gone—
And earth swells blindly on!

"Stand on the hills," oh Lord!
Even as of old the weary psalmist cried.
Aid! that we trench the towering hills of pride,
And spread the highways broad,
O'er which, at least, the trembling soul shall roam
Bearing their harvest home!

Ritiquette.

A Southern Journal lays down the following rules in relation to etiquette:—1. Before you bow to a lady in the street, permit her to decide whether you may do so or not, by at least a look of recognition. 2. When your companions bow to a lady, you should do the same; when a gentleman bows to a lady in your company, always bow to him in return. There is a great deal of confusion about these little matters with some people, proceeding not so much from ignorance as from a disposition to trust every sense but common sense. The Albany Atlas very sensibly amplifies on the above hints of the Southern contemporary, and observes that "nothing is so illy understood in America, as these conventional laws of society, so well understood and practiced in Europe. Ladies complain that gentlemen pass them in the street unnoticed, when, in fact, the fault arises from their own breach of politeness. It is their duty to do the amiable first. For it is a privilege which ladies enjoy of choosing their own associates or acquaintances. No gentleman likes to risk the 'cut' in the street by a lady, through premature salute. Too many ladies, it would seem, do not know their trade of politeness. Meeting ladies in the street, whom one has casually met in company, they seldom bow, unless he bows first; and when a gentleman ever departs from the rule of good-breeding, except occasionally, by way of experiment, his acquaintances do not multiply, but he winds probably charged with rudeness. A lady must be civil to a gentleman in whose company she may be casually placed; but a gentleman is not upon this to presume upon an acquaintance which the first time he afterwards meets her in the street. If he be well, she gives some token of recognition, when the gentleman may bow; other wise he must pass on and consider himself a stranger. No lady need hesitate to bow to a gentleman, for he will promptly and politely answer, even if he has forgotten his fair salute; no one but a brute can do otherwise; should he pass on rudely, his character is declared, and there is a cheap repulse. Politeness or good-breeding is like law—the reason of things."

Nature and Nobility.

It is a fact that there are no noblemen to be compared with those turned out of the workshop of Nature; she does not stop half-way in the business, and furnishes materials that are calculated to last. In illustration of this fact that Nature is greater and better than conventionalism, the Rev. F. W. Robertson not long ago narrated to an assembly of the members of the "Working Men's Institute," England, the following very interesting anecdote:—

A few years ago I was engaged in chamois hunting among the crags and glaciers of the Tyrol. My companion was a Tyrolean chamois hunter, a man who, in point of social position, might rank with an English laborer. I fear that there would be difficulty in England in making such a companionship pleasant and easy to both parties; there would be a painful obsequiousness, or else an insolent familiarity on the one side, constraint on the other. In this case there was nothing of the sort. We walked together and ate together. He had all the independence of a man, but he knew the courtesy which was due to a stranger. When we parted for the night, he took his leave with a politeness and dignity which would have done no credit to the most finished gentleman. The reason, as it seemed to me, was that his character had been moulded by the nobility of the forms of the outworn nature amid which he lived. It was impossible to see the clouds wreathing themselves in that strange, wild way of theirs round the mountain peaks, all his mind seem to become awful things in tune with life. It was impossible to walk, as we did sometimes, an hour or two before sunrise, and see the morning beams gliding with their pure light the grand old peaks on the opposite side of the valley, while we ourselves were still in deepest shade, and look on that man, with his ruddy face and his curling hair, in his high green hat, his very exterior in harmony with all around him, and his calm eye resting on all that world of nature without feeling that these things had their part in making him what he was, and that you were in a country in which men were bound to be polished, bound to be more refined, almost bound to be better men than elsewhere."

A COSTLY MAIL.—It has recently come out that the mail route from Kansas to Stockton, in California, which was restored by a proviso passed by the House

of Representatives, costs the Post Office department at the rate of eighty thousand dollars per annum! For the nine months it was in operation, the returns showed that there were transported in this mail between Kansas and Stockton but three letters and twenty-five newspapers! The service was useless as an extravagant, and was discontinued by the Postmaster General. The House has now ordered it to be restored, although there are four other routes, maintained at vast cost, connecting the valley of the Mississippi with the Pacific, and although over eight hundred and twenty-five miles of this route a mail is now carried under a pre-existing contract. Thus the depressed revenues of the Department are to be made to pay eighty thousand dollars for the carriage of three letters and twenty-five newspapers during the ensuing year!

Original Essays.

ANCIENT GLIMPSES OF THE SPIRIT LAND.

NUMBER THIRTEEN.

In the old time, as in the new, there were phases of skepticism as far as the priest class and superstitious conservatism would allow. Herodotus chimes readily to spiritualistic music, while, with Thucydides, amen strikes in the throat. Lysias has responsive flow to the spiritual current, while Polybius questions whether the bed of the river be secure. When speaking of the sacrifices decreed to Anaxus, whom Philip had caused to be poisoned, he says, "If the dead therefore retain any sense, it is probable that Anaxus must not be completely with a pleasing satisfaction, not only the gratitudes of the Achæans, but all the difficulties also, and the dangers which himself encountered in his life." Again, in speaking of that Solon whom we cited from Lysias in our last paper, as being admonished by dreams of the night and visions on the bed, as per Daniel and others in Bibledom, Polybius would dispose of Gentile and Hebrew oracles on the following wise: He says, "An opinion prevailed among all who heard the story of these dreams, that Solon, not only when he was asleep, but in his waking moments also, and in the time of day, held familiar converse with the Gods. It was no dream, however, that gave him any assistance in his business. But, being by nature generous, magnanimous, and courteous in his address, he had before him the favor of the multitude. Add to this, that he had also the skill to choose his proper time, both with the people and his mother. By these means it was that he not only obtained his purpose, but was judged to have acted under the impulse of a divine admonition. For it is usual with men who, through the fault of their own nature, and a want either of activity or of skill, to ascribe these events to the Gods and fortunes, which are accomplished only by the ready and dexterous management of sound sense and reason. I thought it necessary to make these reflections, that my readers might not be so far misled by the opinion which is falsely propagated concerning Solon, as to overlook what was his brightest and most admirable in his character: I mean his dexterity, and his unvaried application to affairs."

Here it will be seen how much ancient Polybius cleaves to dry powder as of superfluity to the trust in the Lord. Not even our own Mr. Buckle has staked out history more in conformity with square, rule, plumb and level, accompanied by apt psalmody of weak, row-die-dow, in deafening clangor of onward sweeping, merciless machinery, rending all, engulfing all, with no salvation by the spirit. We had a long and afflictive sojourn on such a plane—no could we have left it, had not living truth shown us a more excellent way in serial, objective facts of a supermundane character—tested and proven beyond the scope of any material formulas, so that we now put more trust in spiritual interpolation and government, equivalent to Lords or Gods; though we also have faith in the correlative or harmoniously blending counterpart of dry powder, as an indispensable basis of action in maintaining the proper equipoise of flesh and blood with the kingdom of heaven.

We admire Mr. Buckle in any other vision extends—nor if he grows into spiritual vision will he find that the truths above are in conflict with the truths below. His great work would then carry the right bleeding of the spiritual aura—a halo of light in ether be clothed in nobleness of life, and sweet and more sweet would grow the embrace of the spiritual sun.

Niebuhr, in his history of Rome, in speaking of the ancient legendary lore, such as Noah's and Deucalion's flood, and kindred traditions of the elders, says, "Legends of this sort will not be looked upon by us as historical; but in the light as national pedigrees, like the Moslems." "That portions, indeed, of these genealogies are grounded on very erroneous suppositions, or at least on accounts which in Paris have been misunderstood, is exemplified in the Moslems; wherein race, which undeniably belong to entirely different families, are represented as connected; and I am very willing to allow that those of the Greek mythology may contain still greater errors." Thus we see how little worth is the infallible Word in the earlier Jewish surroundings. In earlier Italy, the Etruscans had largest growth of that peculiar God-doll of kindred and contemporary civilizations—all presenting the accompanying garniture of exotic husks and rituals as fitting complement of the inner body of holies. Thus "cabrio'd, crib'd, confound," whether in Italia, Grecia, or old Jewry, "a free expansion of the intellect," says Niebuhr, in poetry and science, could never take place among a people whose pride and study lay in divination and ritual worship. It was from them (the Etruscans), that the Romans had borrowed the most important part of that science which makes use of signs in conjecturing the will of the Gods. They alone could see through the meaning of terrible prodigies, and knew how to appease the wrath of the celestial powers. The pure and infallible source of this learning was supposed to be the national property of the Etruscans, ever since the time when it was taught them by Tages, a wise dwarf, who rose out of the ground, such as occurs in the ancient fables of the Germans." So, too, in old Jewry, "The Lord came from Sinai, and from Seir he rose up to us," as an apparition. So, too, our modern divines, or diviners, receive old Jewry as the only "infallible source of this learning." "In the East and in Italy," says Niebuhr, "the soothsayer was a tyrant and the abettor of the ruling powers; he always tried to keep the people in chains." How completely apt is this to every priest-class that has ever been. Our modern clergy, as much as is possible, treading in the footsteps of their illustrious soothsaying predecessors; and the people, in their ignorance, love to have it so.

What reform can be instituted without finding the priesthood the most intransigent of opponents, the most conservative of wrongs. "At Rome," continues Niebuhr, "the yoke of a degrading superstition, which was abused as an instrument of tyranny by the aristocracy, was not broken until Italy was introduced by the Calabrian Greek, Eumachius, and became naturalized as morals declined. Such is the case of nations of human affairs, that as the best of things have something bad growing to them, and causing their inward decay, the extinction of this incidental evil may afford us some consolation, when the ruins of what once was excellent are swept away, with all their pleasing recollections and illusions; there is no ill without some good at its side."

Says this author: "The contents of the (Etruscan) ritual books were of a different kind; they resembled the Moslems in prescribing the laws of the State as the law of the Gods; they ordained the course to be observed in founding and building a city, in establishing and consecrating such edifices and places as were to be sacred and inviolable; they settled the constitution of the cities, tribes and centuries, and generally all regulations relative to war and peace. The same, too, were the laws originally obeyed by the Romans, who related their laws without casting them aside, and whose anxiety never to abolish them, but to leave the appearance subsisting when the reality had lost its

meaning, was a result of their original sanctity. These books must undoubtedly have been the fundamental text for the main part of the pontifical laws, the institutions, however, in which the preliminary step was to draw the limits of a temple for augurs—such as the law for measuring land, and for marking out a camp—were more probably grounded on the religious books of the Bards."

The ancient Egyptian theologians held the relation to that of old Jewry as parent to the child; and the Moslem, with his kindred unfoldings, were but the offspring of a common stock, identical in the stem, but valuable in the branches—the same as the rival religious sects of to-day have a common basis, but swear that the Lord speaks only through the sect to which the votary belongs, as the Roman trunk contra Protestant branches, and these against the trunk, and as Jewry, down against Egyptianism and regions round about. Thus we see, as among ourselves, how narrow and fragmental souls are molded by parents or by teachers, whence outgrowths are deemed legitimate only where the twigs are inclined by inversion to the Jewish trunk.

In the "Historical Researches," Heeren informs us that "the Egyptian priesthood, belonging to each temple were again, among themselves, strictly organized. They had a high priest, whose office was likewise hereditary, and the disposition of the rest was made according to the state of affairs."

It scarcely needs to be mentioned, that these offices of high priest, in the metropolitan temples of Egypt, were the first and highest in the State. To a certain degree they were hereditary, nearly equal advantages. Their statues were erected in the temple. Whenever they are mentioned in history, even in the Moslem period, they are represented as the highest persons in the State. When Joseph became elevated in Egypt, the first step he took was to connect himself by marriage with the priest-class; he married the daughter of the high priest of On or Heliopolis.

The organization of the inferior priesthood was, perhaps, different in different cities, according to the size and wants of the locality. They did not continue the ruling race merely because from them were chosen the servants of the State, but much rather because they monopolized every branch of scientific knowledge, which was entirely foreign to the locality, and had immediate reference to the wants of the people. The reader must banish the idea that these, or even their most useful employment, was the service of the Gods—an idea which the few following callings of priests will much tend to expel. They were judges, physicians, soothsayers, architects—in short, everything in which any species of scientific knowledge was required."

So, too, in old Jewry, the inferior or heretical priest-hood were sometimes termed soothsayers, or wizards; and even, sometimes, the more exclusive class, as when "Saul had put away those who had familiar spirits, and the wizards, out of the land, the reference is doubtless to the college of augurs, or the Lord's priests at Nob, who were inclined to the side of David, whom they found to be more the man after a priestly pattern than Saul. Our modern fragmental orthodoxy regards Universalists and Unitarians as heretics and infidels, and would deny that the Lord would manifest to them in more acceptable ways than by soothsayer or wizard. In our old theologians the measure of the Lord is that wherein he conforms to regular usage, venerable fossils and time-worn rote as deep as the bottomless pit, for the continuous revolving of the wheels of old time; but from this constantly growing depth of slough there shall be neither variegated nor shadow of turning. Our Swedenborgian and Harlequin clans are rather prone to similar squatter sovereignty upon the old logs and marbles, as a fitting pharisaic basis for the exclusion of their neighbors. If it is simply the old distances which lend enchantment to the view, why not behold as reverently the works of the Lord in old Egypt as in old Jewry? "From everything we know of Egyptian antiquity," says Heeren, "there can remain no doubt but that the principles of legislation had attained a high point of perfection in Egypt perhaps higher than in any other country of the East. There requires no further proof of this than the fact that the Moslem legislation, which took place prior to the flourishing period of the Pharaohs, was (without question how much or how little might have been taken therefrom) formed upon the Egyptian model. Some of their Kings, Decoboris in particular, are celebrated as great legislators; and though it may have happened that the work of many centuries, and many philosophers, was unjustly ascribed to individuals, it does not the less prove that it existed. "If the Jew knows the idea of the continuance, the decline, and the restoration of his State, with that of the stability, overthrow and rebuilding of his temple, how much more must this have been the case with the Egyptians, where the priest-class had even still greater influence than it had among the Jews! "The same elements which decorate the Gods are not unfrequently conferred upon the monarch—not only the same head-dress, with the serpent, but also the same attributes, the rod, and what is called the key, the sign of initiation into the mysteries, which must have been their original meaning, and indeed, even the royal banner. The priests pay the same honors to the King as the latter pays again to the Gods. "Another field opens itself here for divines, if they would like to compare the religious notions of ancient Thebes with the descriptions given by the Jews of their sanctuaries, the tabernacle, the temple and the sacred utensils."

"This is not the place for a comparison of this kind; but how many things described in the Scriptures do we find in these engravings! The ark of the covenant, the cherubim with their extended wings, the holy candlesticks, the show bread, and many parts of the sacrifices. In the architecture itself a certain similarity is instantly recognized, although among the Jews everything was on a smaller scale." "The holy ark of Ammon is here seen on the river, fully equipped, and being towed along by another. It is thus performing a voyage." "Sesostris, or Rameses the Great, was as much beloved of the Lord as 'my servant Moses' or Joshua. "Beloved and confirmed of Ammon—Son of the God of the Sun—Ruler of the obedient people," are the titles here frequently bestowed upon him. "Two obelisks, one hundred and twenty yards high, containing an account of his treasures and the nations he had conquered, were placed before the temple of Ammon; and a new and splendid ark for the ark of cedar, gilded outside and aldered within, was bestowed on the interior. "With regard to the government, there can be no doubt but that, upon the whole, it always remained a monarchy, under the dominion of the priests. "If it followed, as a matter of course, that the person elected or nominated by the priests, would be very much under their control; hence it happened that nothing of importance could be undertaken till the oracle had been first consulted. In many of the processions of the oracle-ships, pictured on the walls of the temples and palaces, the King is seen coming to meet the holy ark, borne by priests, in such positions, as prove beyond a doubt that he comes to obtain a favorable decision from the oracle."

But there was another circumstance which was still more effectual than even the oracle in holding the monarchs dependent upon the priests. I mean the strict ceremonies by which their every-day life was regulated; an example of which is also found in the power exercised in a similar manner over the monarchs of Persia by the Magi. Early in the morning (as was natural in so hot a climate), says Diodorus, the affairs of state were settled. The sacred ceremonies next followed. The king was to listen with reverence to the sacred writings of his duties. In which the greatest possible moderation in all enjoyments were strictly insisted. "The wives of the king were equal in rank and title with himself, queens even ruled in Egypt. "The single law which inflicted the same punishment for the murder of a freeman and a slave, gives a proof of an advance in moral civilization which is seldom seen within the nations of antiquity."

It is very apparent from the monuments of Egypt, that the Moslem dispensation is simply an offshoot or sect from the older Egyptian theologies. The Urim and Thummim, or breast-plate of the high priest who consulted Jehovah through his mysteries, is but a copy of the like in the Egyptian temples, where it was an emblem of the Ammonian Godhead. The Judge, or High priest, had the appellation of Lord or God as in old Jewry. Says Heeren: "He, as an emblem of his dignity, wore round his neck a golden chain, to which was attached an amulet set in precious stones, with a hieroglyphic (Zothion) It was called Truth." "An in old Jewry, super-eminent had interchangeable names, as Lord God, Angel, &c., so in Egypt, 'Ammon' is represented in full dress, with a golden chain." So, too, in the temple at Jerusalem was found, as per Diodorus, a carved statue of Jehovah, with a long beard, sitting upon an ass—probably significant of the long care of those who paid tithes to have him supported in state, as the local and inferior God of Israel; and in like manner as to emblematic Gods in the regions round about. "Though the deity may prescribe laws for particular cases, says Heeren, "it is not possible that they should contain directions for every case that might happen; hence the authority of the Deities becomes principally limited to this: that nothing can be transacted without their consent. Their will, therefore, must be consulted, their oracles interpreted. If the ruler did this himself, he found it no difficult matter to make them speak as he wished; he then stood as it were in the place of the deity himself, and instead of his power being limited thereby, it was rather extended. In consequence of this, it was usual in theocratic states to consider the usurpation of this power by the king as unlawful. Samuel broke with Saul as soon as he took upon himself to consult with Jehovah. This right the priests reserved to themselves, and this was the foundation of their political power."

It appears to have been reserved for the American Republic to emerge from the ignominious bondage of the Jewish theocracy, perpetuated by Roman and Protestant priests, by making the religious nature of man himself, from childhood, and frightening fear through "Gorgons, hydra, and chimeras dire;" and real educational lore with the signs which old Jewry found among the trinkets spotted from the Egyptian Modern Spiritualism is about to take an account of stock of all these things, and will render unto Jewry all that belongs there, and unto Gentileism what may there belong.

Let us ask if the heavens of the Gentiles compare not favorably with the dark valley and shadow of death of the Hebrew place. From the "Elegies of Tibullus" we give a description of the higher heavens and the shades below. The spirit free from his tenement of clay—

Then Love my ghost (for Love I still obey'd,
Will graze soft on the Elysian shade;
There joy and ease to my spirit prevail;
There nothing grieves me, but on every grass
There painted warblers hop from spray to spray,
And, still pleasing, send the golden ray.
No every hedge, with roses, with carnations,
And scents the ambient air with rich perfumes;
There every maid a various plenty yields.
There I have seen the purple poppies glow,
And the bright flowers of the Elysian shade,
No less than roses, and no ocean flows;
Not youth associate with the gentle fair,
And along with me to the shade repair;
With them Love wanders where'er he strays,
Provokes to laughter, and inflames the play;
And thus the contest fees, by love's decree,
Behold, crown'd with myrtle, monarch of the shade.
As the wicked, for they drag their chains,
By black lakes weep from the lowest chain;
There should they lie, unpassing the gate
Where Cerberus howls, grim sentinel of fate.
There Anubis' head with white spires around,
Black Anubis' head, and dog the dread reward.
This is equal to the open vision of Swedenborg, or the sublimar pictures of Milton. This latter gives a description of a holy ghost from the boundaries of an other world, more clearly perceptible to the "visual nerve" than any so graphically set forth by Mr. Owen. Tibullus is good—Swedenborg is good—Milton is good—Owen is good—and a measureless number of others. Flow garlands are all the Goddesses and Gods to give us so much forecast of what is to come. Surely none can doubt in these foregleams of immortality that "there's a better day a-coming," but we must learn to labor and to wait, and keep step to the music of the spheres in the upward and onward march, in order to secure so much good salvation—so that when called to the banquet table, our garments may appear clean and white. Milton's angel discourses on this wise—

"Therefore who to great
Spirits, and of pure spirit is bound
No inglorious food, and such like those pure
Intellectual substances require.
As doth your redundancy; and hath contain
Within them every faculty
Of sense, whereby they hear, see, smell, touch, taste,
Tasting conceits, digest, assimilate,
And convert to heavenly food.
For such a banquet was created needs
To be sustained and fed; of elements
The grosser feeds the pure; earth the sea,
Earth and the sea feed air, by air these fires
Ethereal; and as lowest feed the moon;
Whence in her change round those spots, unpurged
By sun nor yet by fire, are ever seen.
Nor doth the moon so nourishment exalt
From her misty continent to higher orb.
The sun that feeds the moon, and she in twelve
From all his influence recomposed
In tumult, elements, and of even
Kings with the ocean. Though he heaves the trees
Of life and land, fruits, flocks, and vine,
Yield us wheat; though from off the boughs each morn
We reach multitudinous down, and the ground
Cover'd with pebbles; yet God hath here
Yielded his bounty with new delights.
As may compare with heaven; and to taste
Such food as I should be glad to eat
And to their divine feed, not seemingly
The sight, nor in taste, the common guest
Of the senses; but what feeds the soul
Of rest, hunger, and concupiscence
To transubstantiate; what reduces, transpires
Through spirits with ease; nor wonder; if by fire
Of real hunger, and concupiscence
One turn, or feed it possibly to turn,
Mould of bread into perfect good,
As from the mine. Heavens be the food,
Minister's naked, and their living cup
With pleasant liquor crown'd. O innocence
Dearest Paradise! if you can then,
Then had the same of God excused to have been
Known of at that stage; but in these hearts
Love injudicious reigns, nor jealousy
Was understood, till the lustre of hell."

Some of the Babbins say Eve was so beautiful, that the prince of angels fell in love with her, which occasioned his fall. Certain it is, that in the tradition of the Elders, the sons of God are supposed to have been in rather close rapport with damsels in the earth sphere. If God's superior angels could thus fall, why wonder that weak mortals sometimes fall by the same way? There is kindred mystical lore all along the ages which may admonish us to beware of those sons of God who may be as ready to fall now as when all the sons of God shouted for joy.

In admiring Milton's angelic *Dejener a la foucette*, we are not to despise the day of small things, as when the Crow fed Elijah with cold pieces, and the Woodpecker, Romulus, with similar grub. True, there is a considerable gulf between the two estates, but it is impassable; and a greater gulf between those sons of God with grosser sensual proclivities, and that exquisitely purer plane of the higher heavens. But the greater the gulf, the more beautiful the all-ascending Love, that, spanning it with outstretched wings, fans the suffering soul with breathing, balmy breathings, gathered from the loftier heights of the Elysian domain.

Esculapius was one of those Gentile sons of God, or miraculous conceptions, so common in the belief of old time. His infancy, too, was as wonderful as that of Moses sailing down the Nile, or that of Romulus taking a survey of the Italian coast. Esculapius was found upon a mountain shining with extraordinary resplendence. A goat suckled, and a dog guarded him. Though this was not equal to that which greeted Moses, it will well compare with the wolf-nurse of Romulus, or the puerperality of Elijah's raven. As Esculapius grew in stature before the Lord, he dedicated his days to the relief of the unhappy. He cured most dangerous wounds; all manner of sicknesses, and raised the dead to life. He, too, like Moses, bore the rod of God, wreathed with a serpent, equal to that which Moses set up for the healing of the Hebrews before the gate of the temple reared by Esculapius was inscribed, "Entrance here is only permitted to pure souls."

In the theology of Esculapius, the serpent figured as prominently as in the Garden of Eden, or later mystic of Moses—not having abused his privileges, he

It not compelled to go upon his belly upon Gentile as upon Hebrew ground. In the holy temple of Esculapius, he has a sacred function assigned to him. Says Anacharsis, "He is rarely suffered to go out, but when this liberty is permitted him, he walks majestically through the streets, and as his appearance is deemed a happy omen, it excites universal joy." Let us thank God and take courage that the Gentile Eve escaped the fall in Eden, and are thus without the pale of the Hebrew curse and the orthodox scheme of damnation.

Anacharsis, in representing the theologies of those in old time, cites those accounts who recorded the various beliefs in Gods, angels, spirits, gentils, souls, or inhabitants of the transmundane world, and says, "These intelligences, the essence of which is a most pure and subtle fire, are subordinate to the Supreme Being, as a chorus of musicians is to its corypheus, or an army to its general; but as they emanate from that Being, the school of Pythagoras gives to them the name of divine substances; hence the expressions common with those philosophers, that the Sage is a God; that the Divine Being is the spirit and soul of the world; that he penetrates, incorporates with, and vivifies matter. "Thus all animated Nature is only one single family, of which God is the head."

We have not been able to get much ahead of this in the march of progression. Indeed, we seem rather prone to confine our vision to old Jewry, and to claim that God never was the head of any other

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1890.

Herry, Colby & Co., Publishers.

WILLIAM BERRY, LUTHER COLBY, J. HOLLIS M. SQUIRE.

PUBLICATION OFFICERS:

313 Brattle St., Boston; 143 Fulton St., New York.

EDITORS:

WILLIAM BERRY, Boston; J. H. BRITTON, New York; LUTHER COLBY, " J. H. M. SQUIRE, London.

Business Letters must be addressed, "Banner of Light," Boston, Mass.

For terms of subscription see First Page.

Herry, Colby & Co.

GOSPEL FOR THE HEATHEN.

If four million churches think it worth their while, and not only worth their while, but indispensably necessary, to send out men and women in every direction to carry the "gospel" to the "heathen," they manifestly must feel called upon by far louder considerations than have ever moved them yet, to present themselves, one and all, through their committees, before the august embassy from Adahle "heathenland" now in the country, and press upon their attention the absolute necessity of forthwith accepting the doctrines of predestination, eternal damnation, vicarious atonement, infant baptism, original sin, and the devil. This same embassy represents, and is calculated to reach and influence, on their return, hundreds of millions of "heathen," and hence the need is the more urgent that they shall themselves be assailed with these Christian doctrines, without whose mysterious aid it is claimed that no man can be "saved." By this means a great deal of money may be saved to the contribution boxes of the various churches and Sunday schools in the land, and the work may be done up in short and more complete order. Our energetic Missionary Boards might, in another direction, find a realization of a sort of Nero's wish, and be able, through this Japanese embassy, to chop off the head of idolatrous Heathendom at a single blow.

But whether they will see for themselves so clear a policy of operation as this, or whether, seeing it, they conclude not to adopt it in their own case, it would nevertheless be a very interesting matter to sit quietly by and see the various Missionary Boards and Committees present themselves to the First and Second Ambassadors, and proceed to set forth the tenets whose possession and profession alone are capable of ensuring "eternal life." How the different sects would contradict one another, on the same essential and all important points, and upon authority derived from the same Bible! How astonished, at first, and how overtaken with smiles and laughter afterwards, would the ambassadors appear, as one after another of the missions presented their case to them and took their solemn leave! We should despair of being able to describe such a scene as it deserved; but the Springfield Republican has made a highly successful attempt to imagine the various points of it, and it would be absolutely cruel for us to withhold the same—or at least a good portion of it—from the enjoyment of the readers of the BANNER.

Bay of the Republic.

Let us suppose the Japanese, under this course of denominational visitation, and drawing out, by their gaudy cross-questions, the peculiarities of each sect, while each member of the embassy notes down the answers for future reference and comparison. A very grave and serious matter, as the Republic says, is it his habit to tell the whole story, or he begins with Adam and comes down to the present time. He assures the wondering Oriental that Adam was not only the first man, but the "federal head" of the race; that he was put on trial for the race, and by failing, he brought sin and death upon all his posterity. He tells him that Adam was not only the first man, but the "federal head" of the race; that he was put on trial for the race, and by failing, he brought sin and death upon all his posterity. He tells him that Adam was not only the first man, but the "federal head" of the race; that he was put on trial for the race, and by failing, he brought sin and death upon all his posterity.

For four thousand years a few of the Jews knew about Christ in advance, and believed in him. The rest of the men were not; hence Christ died, for nearly two thousand years, about now in twenty have heard of him, and one tenth of these have believed—all the rest went to hell. Men—The devil must be the strongest so far. Let us now for the Japanese. If true, "Mongol" (Ayai) on Kami, the second ambassador, is of a practical turn of mind, and makes inquiries as to the ethics of Christianity, and writes down, "Christ requires of his disciples justice and good will to all men; but Africans and other dark-colored races are not exceptions to this rule; they are just as good as we, and are just as entitled to the things of God as we are."

A very bold doctrine of divinity, representing "liberal Christianity," next presents himself. He assures the eager listeners that these words about the fall of man, the federal headship of Adam, and the original sin and women; men are just as good as we, and are just as entitled to the things of God as we are, and intended them to be; they need renovation only as they go wrong in their conduct; and Christ lived, and died only to give them a good example, and to teach them of the love of God, and to show them that Christ was not God nor any part of God, but a good man, or a created being of some sort, and although those who understand his claims cannot refuse to reject them, it does not follow that God has left all of the race to perish in sin; he has left them to the care of the reasonable supposition is that he will ultimately secure the happiness of all his creatures; and as to the devil, who is represented as having the largest kingdom of the two, there is no such being, but he is only a myth or a fiction of the oriental, and he should be dismissed with his Presbyterian brother, and while he holds dancing and theatricals, which the other condemn, to be innocent amusements, he considers the enslavement of Africans or any human beings as the most gross violation of the law of Christianity.

The first ambassador asks the name of the sacred book used by this witness, and enters in his record, with a large exclamation mark before and after. "Both read the same book, the Bible; mem. must look into this book."

The Baptist adds to the information of the Japanese the assurance that the aspersions of water upon the heads of Christian converts, as practiced by most Christians, will not answer, and that an entire submersion of the body is essential to their peace of mind. The Catholic tells them there is no salvation outside of his church, and all the rest of these believers will as certainly be damned as the faithless and wicked; and the representative of still another sect assures them that nobody has a right to expound Christianity upon whose head the bishop of his church has not laid his consecrating hand. The Methodist, Congregationalist, Universalist, and others add respectively something new to the ideas of the orientals, and they find their note-books crowded full as the conference ends.

The three "no-Kami" pause and take a long breath in union, as the dark doles on the last representative of Christianity. At length the last ambassador breaks the silence and exclaims, "Very good, but I cannot understand." Ambassador number two nods approvingly. Ogori Bunzo no-Kami, the grand censor and adviser, gives the gift of hair on his own nervous twitch, rises with dignity, carefully delivers himself of "America gods very well, but have no faith themselves understood; must send interpreters from Japan to read the book for them; not the religion for the Japanese; more difficult and uncertain than the religions we have now, and if the Japanese had it, they would do nothing but quarrel over it. Very good people, all these various men, but they ought to agree as to what Christianity is before they recommend it to us."

Now everybody knows that all this is pure satire, and yet it is all pure truth, too. It seems a great pity that to so much satirical matter is capable of being honestly worked into a subject about which so much honest interest is professed, and that is pretended to be of such overwhelming importance to every soul of the human race. Where, then, is the wrong? Where lies the weak point in this business? May it not be just where essential truth falls thus conflicting, impertinent, and ridiculous creeds? We think it is, and that it can be

nowhere else. If a spiritual principle, or law, is a fixed and eternal one, certainly nobody feels like laughing about it; there is nothing to laugh at; every one who acknowledges it, acknowledges it to be a vital part, or fiber, of his own nature—and does a man permit himself to be caught laughing about it? But there exists a strangely external; the work of mental ingenuity, stimulated by the doubts, fears and ignorance engendered by superstitions; and hence they are contradictory, latently, and cross-eyed in their structure as children's cobwebs, and as poorly fit to hold the ecclesiastical doctrines they are claimed to represent, much less to gauge and measure the capacities and desires of a living human soul.

It is when these make-shifts and temporary contrivances are thus brought out to the gaze of all men, and subjected to the eyes of those who are sought to be converted, that their littleness and painful ineffectuality becomes apparent. They may manage to stand alone in the shade, and out of the public way, but the inquiring spirit of these times riddles them until they are arranged before the hope of patching. It is because this very spirit has been so long feared, that it has been so freely denounced beforehand; the shadows projected by the rising sun of reason have already reached the realms of these superstitions, and the advancing light will soon clear all away. People at once see the absurdity of a great many theories the moment they are put to open test, or are sought to be reduced to practice; and nothing that has occurred to the public mind of late has been productive of more real good than this very suggestion, made in a bantering way by some independent newspaper, to "try on" our polygamous creeds and beliefs upon the naked, wary, and quick minds of our new friends—good nature and long days to them!—the Japanese.

The English Tongue.

This must inevitably become the tongue of the nations. French has long been called the language of diplomacy, in the various courts of Europe, but the Anglo-Saxon is to be the language of the world. A document put forth by the London Tract Society thoughtfully remarks "that the spread of the English language is a remarkable fact in the providential dealings of the Most High with mankind. Its study is increasing over all Europe. It is the mother-tongue of the United States, as well as of the British Isles, and prevails over the whole of the vast colonies of North America, and extends to the British crown. It is the language of many of the West India islands, and is heard, more or less, in all the centers of commercial activity in South America. It is the tongue of the infant empires of Australia, Van Diemen's Land, and New Zealand, and appears destined to overtop the whole of the Pacific island group. From the Cape of Good Hope to the interior of Africa; and into whatever part Dr. Livingston's pierces from the West, he has found with him, not only the merchandise, but the speech of his country. Along the Egyptian highway to Asia it is becoming a familiar sound. Throughout all India, from Cape Comorin to the Himalayas, it is being acquired by the most active and influential of the native population; and in the crowded ports of China it is one of the dialects of every-day life. Wherever the English language is spoken, its literature finds its way; hence it is no exaggeration to say that the preparation of a Christian literature in the English language is an object of world-wide importance."

The Arab Mantle.

All our lady readers, certainly not a few of the other sex—would like to know about this "mantle," which has for one season already been the rage in London, and is now getting the fair sex up to the point of fever-heat in New York. Well, we can only say it is made either of barge, chaff, grandeur, or silk. It is a long-hair, or deep ear, once folded and closed about eighteen inches from the back fold. The two remaining corners—we are quoting Mrs. G. Washington Wyllys now—are rounded; the closed angle forms an awkward banging hood, with three heavy tassels, and the mantle is faced and lined entirely around with some bright-colored silk. The most delectable arrangement of the garment will not obviate an ungainly wrinkle, or "hitch," as the ladies phrase it, under the hood; but that is the beauty of it! It would not be an "Arab" without the wrinkle! Well, but how did this mantle originate. It will not be forgotten that the Queen of Oude came a state prisoner to London, a little time ago, where every article of her dress was scanned by wide-awake eyes, that at once caught the priceless Indian shawl she wore, puckered up at the back in just this way. In a few days, every lady who could boast of anything in the shape of a shawl, had it hitched up in a perfect face-silk, and those who were unprovided, cut cloth, silk, etc., into the shape which had been so admired on the shoulders of the hapless Oriental Queen. So spring up fashions!

The Sewing Machine.

In a little work called "The Movement Cure," something is said about the effects of constant sewing on the physical health of women; among other things, that this sort of exercise calls into action chiefly the superior portion of the body, while the trunk and lower extremities are left chiefly motionless. This evil is to be counteracted by much walking in the open air, which has the effect to equalize the circulation. Excessive use of the needle restrains the free action of the diaphragm and the respiratory and abdominal muscles. On the contrary, sewing with the machine calls into action the lower extremities chiefly. There is no doubt, thinks the writer, that there are numerous instances in which the life of the feeble sewing-woman has been preserved by this machine, through its tendency to remove that incipient congestion of the chest and lungs, which is the certain prelude to pulmonary disease. It also affords more time to engage in other and more genial occupations. This exercise is, however, insufficient for the purpose of health, since it does not contribute enough to the expansion of the chest of the weakly female.

Day and Goodbye.

The great battle in India Rubber is over. An armistice was recently signed between the parties, leading afterwards to a permanent treaty of peace. Neither one of the parties in litigation will any longer sue or be sued by the other. We should think they would hardly know how to get along, with not a single lawsuit on their hands. The terms of the settlement are like this: Day sells out his entire establishment to Goodbye, or his representative, and retires from the India Rubber business entirely. The sale includes all his Rubber Patents and Rights, his Factory Estate at New Brunswick, New Jersey, and most of his goods. The amount realized therefrom exceeds \$500,000. The purchasers are Mr. William Jackson, Conrad Poppenhusen, and others, of New York, and Henry L. Daggett and Charles Rice, of Boston, who have organized a new company under the name of New York, with a paid-up capital of \$500,000. All the former litigations between all the parties have been stopped and receipts passed, and Mr. Day has leased his store in Cortland street to the new company.

Quite Flattering.

Dr. Bellows, the great Unitarian preacher, and the author of the "Broad Church," delivered himself of a capital speech—his never makes any other—before his Unitarian brethren during anniversary week in Boston. In the course of which he pointedly said of our part of the country, "New England is by far the best part of the country. I have to shut my eyes when I look around me in New York, and likewise when I look to the West or to the South; but when I come to New England I keep them wide open." Burr King, on his passage to San Francisco, describes one fellow who lay on the deck of the steamer, day after day, reading "Paradise Lost." On speaking of the subject to his wife, who wisely observed, "Poor fellow, I suppose he never expects to go back to Boston!" And the "Antocrat," you know, dily styles this same old Boston the "hub of the universe."

The Picnic at Abington Grove.

The sun never smiled upon a more glorious day than Tuesday last, and a happier company of men, women and little children is rarely seen than went to the Abington picnic. The crowd from Boston was increased by the arrival on the grounds of people from all the neighboring towns for miles around, and hundreds came from Plymouth, and the villages contiguous to the Old Colony Railroad, and from Taunton and New Bedford. The drive is one of the very best in the vicinity of Boston, and is plentifully supplied with refreshment stands, swings, fountains, a dancing platform, speakers' stand, etc., while a beautiful pond, which washes the grove on three sides, is provided with row and sail boats, etc., in abundance.

Soon after arriving on the grounds, the assembly were called together, at the speakers' stand, by Dr. Gardner, and Mr. E. Y. Wilson was chosen chairman of the meeting. Dr. Gardner read a letter from Emma Harding, stating that the state of her health forbade her presence, but that she was in spirit with those who had come from their homes to meet in happy communion. Speeches were then made by E. Y. Wilson, Dr. P. B. Randolph, Rev. R. P. Wilson, Miss Lizzie Dutton, Miss Laura DeForest, and Mr. Robert Taylor.

In the afternoon they were again called to order, and the company joined their voices in singing a good old fashioned hymn, which sounded sweetly to the open air, beneath the time-beating branches of the over-arching pines. Remarks were made by Mr. Wilson, Dr. Gardner, and Rev. Mr. Taylor. Then Dr. Randolph was called upon, and made one of his most thrilling and masterly speeches—such as none that he knew better how to make when the chords of his soul are tuned with harmony and gentleness, and no rude breath of unkindness is blown upon his sensitive heart, or anxious thought of jealousy intrudes its venomous shape, to disarrange and scatter the beautiful images which spring from his prolific mind. He spoke of the religion of the world as the Jacob's ladder reaching from earth to heaven, of which each was a rung, from Paganism clear up through Humanism, Lutheranism, Calvinism, Wesleyanism, Universalism, to the highest yet attained—modern Spiritualism.

He was followed by Laura DeForest—the charming, graceful and cultivated Western girl who came amongst us a short time ago an entire stranger, but who has by her vigor of mind and beauty of person won the admiration of so many thousands in the Atlantic States. She took up the hackneyed objections to Spiritualism one at a time, and answered them with a grace, ease and power which would have done honor to any of the stars of the Suffolk Bar, Boston pulpit, or political ring. She turned the objections of the Christian world against Spiritualism back upon themselves, with terrible force, and telling appropriateness. Her words were "bitter words, master," but yet she only "planted nature too severely true." A few of our Orthodox friends heard what she said; perhaps they will be like the foxes which Sampson caught and tied to the pillars, and created such a blaze of light as the world never saw since it jumped out of chaos and wheeled into the planetary line.

Then Lizzie Dutton followed, entranced by the spirit of one of the Magdalenes of earth. In touching language she narrated the story of her life—she who "loved not wisely, but too well"—told how she had met the temptations and brutality of a conventional and "respectable" community, which gave her stones for bread and snakes for fishers; how the cream of her love poured to bitterness hate, and the cried only for revenge; how she descended from degradation to degradation, till disease sealed her eyes in death; how she found her heart from her breast and threw it at the feet of the Saviour, who told her heart was purer than before she sinned; how she trampled upon that heart and ground it to powder. And then she told of her struggles in the spirit world; how in madness she cursed and reviled every one who offered to become her friend; yet how one mortal had gradually won her confidence—a man who understood her soul—a man of deep sympathy, whom the world reviled, and who himself often yielded to weakness; how he had led her upward, step by step; taught her of the hope within her grasp, and aided her in her regeneration. She cast a withering rebuke upon the immaunite ones who feared contact with the living, and withdrew all human pity from the outcast and fallen. The medium alluded to the disinterested labors of Emma Harding for the relief and regeneration of sinning women, and made a touching appeal to those present to contribute to the fund to assist her in her scheme. During the delivery of her brief address, many eyes glistened with sympathetic tears, and soon after she had closed the friends pressed forward to the stand and deposited upward of twenty dollars in the hands of the Chairman, to be forwarded to Miss Harding. Miss Dutton was followed by Dr. A. C. Robinson, of New Bedford, Mrs. Emma Houston, of East Stoughton, Mrs. A. W. Delafolle, of Boston, and others.

At about half past six the excursion train returned to Boston. And thus ended one of the pleasantest gatherings of Spiritualists that ever convened in America.

Wind Wagons.

This is a kind of wagon there is not much use in "waiting" for. It is a Western idea, of course. It is the result of the ingenuity of Andrew Dawson, of Okaloosa, Kansas, and is furnished with sails, and propelled by wind. He traveled in it to Pike's Peak in twenty days. Encouraged by this success, other parties in the same town set about the construction of the same kind of wagon, and a party of eight started out on the prairie to try one which had just been finished. The wind was blowing a gale at the time; everything worked to a charm. The occupants, gliding swiftly over the prairie, were delighting themselves with anticipations of a speedy and comfortable trip to the mountains, when the velocity of the vehicle created a lively alarm for their safety. The wagon sped onward, before the driving wind faster and faster, until the axles broke and deposited them all on the ground, in a somewhat damaged condition, from broken heads, bruised limbs and bodies. The speed of the machine is said to have been forty miles per hour.

Church and his Pictures.

The New York Tribune gives us a few words respecting this price among native painters, which are very welcome. It says that he evinces almost as much inclination in bestowing names upon his pictures as he does in painting them. "Twilight in the Wilderness," the title of his new landscape, is almost as good a name as "The Heart of the Andes," and there are many who think the new picture is the better one of the two. It has, without a doubt, more poetical feeling and unity of design, and, in certain parts, has never been excelled by any of his previous performances. Now, that he has finished this picture, he will probably go to work upon his studies of icebergs, which he brought from Newfoundland last year, and give us a composition of Ocean grandeur worthy of a companionship with his Niagara, his Heart of the Andes, and his Twilight in the Wilderness.

Strawberries.

This delicious early summer fruit never was more abundant than now, and never will be. The market is supplied abundantly, prices enabling almost every family to regale themselves with them. They ought to be farished much cheaper even than they are. Ten cents a box for good fruit in the Boston market would place it in the power of every poor family to eat this excellent product of the garden to a fair profit. That is enough, allowing for a fair profit. Then we may gradually look for human labor to be fed and pork, and drawn out by the tender loss of something better than the currency.

Judge Edwards' Letters to the N. Y. Tribune.

Those interesting letters, written by Judge Edwards and published in the New York Tribune, have just been issued in tract form, and are for sale by S. T. Munson, New York, and Dea Marsh, Boston. We have a few at our counter.

BOSTON SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, JUNE 20.

[Continued from the Banner of Light.]

The Boston Spiritual Conference is held at the Hall No. 11 Brattle street, every Wednesday evening.

Question.—Would the theory that man is controlled by an absolute law of necessity in all his acts, be productive of morality or immorality?

Mr. BERRY.—Let the individual who thinks that the doctrine of necessity tends to immorality try the experiment within himself, and know by experience; let him search for the motives of wrong or immoral actions; and, if he finds what appears to be none, let him analyze it, searching into the laws of causation, practicing upon himself the charity which the doctrine begets for others, distinguishing between the crime and the criminal; let him condemn the act, but mercifully forgive the actor, and notice if he does not find, from the necessity of the case, that there is a generalizing within him a grace or divine goodness that naturally expresses itself in a purer life than could have been conceived in an unforfeited spirit. Some suppose that a believer in the doctrine of necessity must adopt the idea of Brother Child, that everything that is, is right, I do not so understand it, but rather that a proper consideration of the doctrine of necessity exhibits the truth involved in the broad assertion that everything that is, is right, in such a light as to enable the soul to perceive its beauty, and appreciate the intuitive perceptions of our brother, without adopting his form of expression.

The beauty of the Dr.'s position consists in its usefulness. He has given his conceptions of one of the grandest truths that can be conceived. If it had been a pictorial exhibition of unadorned truth, a metaphysical picture, drawn with the finest lines of a philosophical distinction, embodying all the colors and tones of our affectional nature, blending the perfect sovereignty of God with the free agency of man, through every conceivable condition of human thought and action, exhibiting the different degrees of freedom, causatively acquired, so as to constitute a perfect picture of absolute justice, it would not have been, or be, so divinely useful.

Some would read the forthcoming book, and admire the picture of words; a few would look beyond the picture, to the unfolding truth, and be fed with angels' food; but the great majority of the moral and religious world would sleep on in their ignorance, until some startling crime or gross immorality had awakened their starting consciousness into a condition to judge themselves and others as they would like to be judged. The Doctor has made statements which seem to the superficial thinker the greatest absurdities a sane man could conceive. His book will be bought and read; his assertions will surprise the readers; they will become contentions, and set themselves to work to refute his statements, and learn to their advantage that "agitation of thought is the beginning of wisdom." Perceiving the truth involved, but not satisfied with the Doctor's form of expression, they will embody it in new forms of thought, clothed in the language of their peculiar sphere, each expressive of his special idea of right, all agreeing in the central thought, that there is right, in the fountain of causation, an infinite depth of mentality, in which everything that is, has been, or is to be, is absolutely right, to which we may continually approach and never comprehend. Within this fountain, the human soul, though it is the most insignificant drop in the wall of life, blurs all over with the peculiarities of the pit in which it is being dug, had its origin. It was there that the eternal properties of truth conceived its conscious existence and extended the divine conception, through all the different degrees or conditions of spiritual generation, into conscious being. Supposing the perfect spirit is diluted by the extension to corruptible substance, if it was a necessary clothing for its infantile condition, was it not a divine means to a divine end? was not its birth, although thus extended, an absolute good, a word of God, though it bear the mark of the beast, with all the properties, peculiarities and perversities of the material matter that pronounced that word in the birth of his child? Verily it was right, absolutely right, though the child has been doing comparatively wrong ever since. The correcting of comparative wrong constitutes a scale of progression, in which we perceive and measure moral qualities and mark metaphysical and qualitative distinctions, with their respective conditions of love and affectional intentions, voiced in the particular parts of the grand anthem of life each is impelled to perform. No one can perceive for another; each must mark and weigh for himself; all must sound their own voices, and learn through effects that attuned volume of life in the soul, attuned to the law of life, that goes to constitute the music of the spheres. So long as we continue in the ascending scale, or spheres of morality, we shall always find, and mark ourselves wanting, in the superior qualities. This was the finite manifestation of an infinite necessity that existed in the divine fountain, and cannot be satisfied until the finite capacities to receive be equal to its infinite Giver's power to bestow.

Mr. RICHMOND.—I believe that the character of a man is formed for him, but not by him. He does what he does from necessity. I have changed my occupation and my residence often, and in every case it seems to be the ruling of a power beyond my control. I don't know that I ever did anything which I was not forced into doing. I know no free will in matter. I cannot do as I wish to. My experience teaches me that man does not make his own character, but circumstances shape it. In my experience this belief tends to morality. I cannot speak for others.

Mr. WASHINGTON.—As I have said before, there should be a definite understanding in the use of terms. There is a doctrine of necessity which appertains to you and to me. If I understand man's interior consciousness, it is an outbirth from Deity. As I understand the matter of generation and growth, at conception the two parents are in a state of entrenchment, during which God, or nature—use any term you will—plants the germ of a soul. From that germ the soul is destined to grow and, obstructed as it may be in time or in eternity it will have its growth. It will aspire and love; it will feed on good; and cannot do any other way. There is a choice in our life, but it is influenced by circumstances around us. The body may not have its food at its accustomed time; circumstances may prevent it; and if it is deprived of its food for a certain length of time, the body and the soul will be weakened. But no accident, no circumstance, no power, will govern the soul from its God. Our judgments are governed by the circumstances surrounding us. We cannot have strength of morality except by exercise of it. If you have not read the article by Emma Harding in last week's BANNER—A Fragment from a Page of Gold—I would advise you all to read it. The last part of it, in particular, alludes to this truth with a degree of beauty I have scarcely seen equalled in human language. All we know of God is his revelation unto our own consciousness. The words of Christ, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," are applicable to all of us. God himself cannot forgive us in any other way than as we forgive those who injure us. The soul must and will have its growth, either on earth or in heaven. Circumstances may obstruct and defer; but as sure as there is a God of souls, so sure will each spark from off that central soul be ultimately in growth.

Dr. RANDOLPH.—Of course we—you, I, all men and things, are governed by laws of necessity. God to me seems as a sun, whose rays are absolute laws of necessity. Suppose we are under the influence of one of them, which makes us miserable, we are not obliged to stay there; for while it is utterly impossible for us to evade them, yet we have the power of shifting from under the baleful, to the control of another whose effects upon us will be good, and productive of personal and general well. It hurts me to kick at empty space; so it does to talk on the only one side of this question. No one but admits the law of necessity. Free will absolutely is a castle in the air. It implies absolute independence both of God and nature; yet relatively—with a certain limited field we have opportunity.

Mr. RANDOLPH.—Of course we—you, I, all men and things, are governed by laws of necessity. God to me seems as a sun, whose rays are absolute laws of necessity. Suppose we are under the influence of one of them, which makes us miserable, we are not obliged to stay there; for while it is utterly impossible for us to evade them, yet we have the power of shifting from under the baleful, to the control of another whose effects upon us will be good, and productive of personal and general well. It hurts me to kick at empty space; so it does to talk on the only one side of this question. No one but admits the law of necessity. Free will absolutely is a castle in the air. It implies absolute independence both of God and nature; yet relatively—with a certain limited field we have opportunity.

tion, choice we are in a straight line, lodged on both sides by fatal pains and penalties, but for our punishment, but as warnings to keep the middle, which is always the wiser course; when we do so, the results are charming, and happiness results; when we run into either hedge, we get pricked and burnt. I run have given us, and it is my deliberate conviction that a universal recognition of this fact will promote all virtue and all goodness. I believe that, as I have devoted it, an acceptance of the philosophy of necessity must unavoidably lead to moral purity. How? Any one can very plainly see.

"The pathway of happiness lies in the mean—A vice on each side, and a virtue between."

The double laws of necessity require us to keep moving over in the right direction.

Mr. SROOKER.—I cannot conceive of any action outside of necessity. What motive can we have for doing anything? We are swayed by the passions of hope, despair, love, hate, etc. We should not know what to do. If we did not know the effect certain actions would produce. This law is identical with the existence of morality, and there is no morality beyond its recognition. A man cannot do anything other than as he pleases. Whoever heard of a man doing as he did not please? To be sure, a man may be forced into doing a thing, but then he pleases to do it for fear of worse results—on the principle that it is best to choose the least of two evils. It is absurd for us to say we can do anything of ourselves. Men differently situated choose different things. There are circumstances which stand behind all we do. We may make a blunder, but we do as well as we know how to do, and can do no more. Everything in the universe beneath the first cause is governed by fixed laws, and law of necessity is the will of the first cause. There is no freedom of the will. A man is impelled to action—as the skyrocket is sent through the air—according to the force given him.

Mr. SROOKER.—Isn't this a singular theory, that man is a more automaton? I believe in the freedom of the will, is there not a power of self-command, and self-conquest in every man, by which the drunkard becomes sober and the vicious man reformed? According to the theory advanced, there is no work to be done, but whatever is done is right, and can never be wrong, no matter what its effect upon others and upon ourselves. This theory is consistent with the idea of a God possessed by some; but rather than accept the theory I would reject such a God, and believe blasphemy would be a virtue.

Dr. GARDNER.—It seems to me man has a certain freedom of will, but yet it is controlled by an absolute law of necessity. It is hard to bring my mind to the fact that I cannot do as I please; yet there is a power within every man which shapes his actions to a result altogether beyond his thought. It seems as though there were little trivialities every day, of no particular consequence, where a man may do a thing or not do it, with equal ease. But suppose a man has made up his mind to go to a certain place, and then something else is presented which calls off his attention from his original purpose; it seems to me a man is left free to decide which to do. Man has two laws: animal, or selfish, and spiritual, or moral. Judas, acting under the first law, betrayed his brother Jesus; but, as soon as the act was perpetrated, and the object accomplished, that faculty went to sleep, as it were, and the spiritual law awoke within him. So great was his loathing of himself for his selfishness and baseness, that he went and hanged himself—became his own executioner. It seems to me these laws are sometimes so closely balanced that man's own will may decide which course he will take. In going to my home tonight, I have power to go up Washington street, the most direct route, or across the Common, or two or three other ways. I know I have this power of choice. A man with strong animal propensities and weak spiritual, must be confined to a limited plane; but a well-balanced brain gives a man power of choice. Every thinking mind will admit that the doctrine of necessity tends to morality. How different is it from Orthodoxy, with its doctrine inculcating despair and darkness, and leading man blindly forth on the path toward death and destruction, with nothing to save him from the yawning gulf of we have a providential interposition! A few years ago the laws controlling me would have led me to do violence to any man who insulted me now, I could not strike him; my condition has changed, by the changing of the laws which govern me. I find it difficult to make my position clear. There is a consciousness beyond all logic and all analogy in our own souls.

Mr. SROOKER.—Isn't the idea absurd, of a thing controlling itself?

Dr. GARDNER.—If you mean a prime, I would say yes; but if you mean a combination of primes forming a thinking being, I should say no at once.

Mr. EDSON said a few words in reply to Mr. Srooker.

The chairman announced the following subject for discussion next week: "Shall we contend for good and resist evil?"

Mr. WILSON at the Melodeon.

This well-known lecturer and soul-server gave a brief lecture and public test examination at the Melodeon on Sunday evening last.

He narrated numerous examples of the power of mind over mind, and explained what to him seemed the philosophy of spirit-control. He informed the audience concerning the manner of his examinations, and the power through which he receives his impressions—through the electric current of the spirits.

His lecture was mainly devoted to the definition of spirit-life, and the manner of distinguishing the good from evil influences, their means of operation, power of control, etc. He claimed that evil spirits were drawn toward places of uncleanness and filth, and so a state of chastity and purity was the most impervious armor to keep them at bay. Evil influences can be averted conquered by a firm intention to do right and not to sever from the path of duty.

He related in illustration a case of obsession of a young girl by a father who had died of delirium tremens, and who avowed his wish to kill the child. The spirit was cast out by downward manipulations, when the girl fell in weakness, and was soon clothed in her right mind; and gradually she has improved from that day to this.

He related his manner of coming in rapport with the spirits of the living in order to read the records of their past. He then pointed out gentlemen in the audience—Messrs. J. P. Ordway, John Davies, Dr. Dillingham, John Salmon, Esq., and others, all strangers to him—and proceeded to describe their traits of character, the marked events of their lives, etc., to the general satisfaction of all the parties.

Ada L. Hoyt.

To gratify the great demand for this excellent medium, she has consented to make a summer tour through the West, returning to Boston in September. Her route will be from Troy to Chicago and Milwaukee; and she will give public test seances in the intermediate towns. Her father will accompany her as protector and business manager.

The friends desiring her services, as above, will address her at Troy, N. Y., previous to July 10th; afterwards at Chicago, Ill.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

"THE AGE OF VIATCH."—The conclusion of the ninth paper will appear in our forthcoming issue. It should have been printed ere this, but the pressure of other matter prevented. When we receive patronage enough to enable us to double the size of our paper, similar discrepancies will be obviated.

Our esteemed correspondent "Phantia" has sent us an essay on *Misericordia*, which we shall publish in our next number.

B. P. Reed, Esq., writing to us under date of June 17th, says:—"Please send your glorious *Light* this way for six months, and at the expiration of that time I will endeavor to get up a club." This is the way we like to have subscribers talk.

"A careless, uneducated country girl," "re-licious on" our "generosity" to send her the BANNER. We should be pleased to mail it to every body, gratis, could we afford so to do; but as we cannot, we hope our friends, and their friends, and their friends' friends, will remit as often as possible, that we may be sustained in the great work we have undertaken.

We would inform our "classical" friends of the *Courier* that Mr. Van Buren Bly, the "detective medium," as he calls himself, is now exhibiting his handiwork person at BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM. The *Living skeleton*, Dr. R. O. Wickware, is also there. A fine couple, truly! If the *Courier* doubts our statement, it will find the advertisement of the "great showman"—which is our authority—in the N. Y. Tribune. So we go. Where's *that* Report?

We have been requested to inform Miss Anne Lord that she will be welcomed to Newburyport by the Spiritualists there. Address either Mr. R. Sherman, or A. Horton, Esq.

